COLUMBIA BIBLE COLLEGE LIBRARY
COLUMBIA, S. C.

The Need of the Month — Poland

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

—*W. C. Dix* (1856).

Published Bi-monthly by the

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

15 PHILIPSE PLACE, YONKERS 3, N. Y.

OFFICERS

Rev. George H. Dowkontt, M.D. ..... President
Rev. Frank E. Gaebelein, Litt.D. ..... Vice-President
Rev. George A. Simons, D.D. ..... Assistant Treasurer
Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith ..... Secretary-Treasurer

Subscription Price, $1.00 for two years: 10c per copy

VOL. XXIX — NOVEMBER-DECEMBER
No. 6 — 1948

(Formerly located at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.)

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Published Bi-monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

VOL. XXIX NOVEMBER-DECEMBER
No. 6 1948

CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

A Noble Lady

News has just reached me of the "Home-going" of one of America's noble Christian ladies, Mrs. Norman J. Smith. I never had the pleasure of meeting her, but her beautiful, consistent character had often been made known to me in various ways. She gladly spared Comrade Norman when he was called to take missionary and deputation journeys. In the Name of the Lord she made sacrifices, in her quiet, gracious manner of life.

America has need of more beautiful lives, such as she lived. Yea, the world needs all such "'Sisters in Christ" in the present day. The American-European Fellowship owes much to the Lord for the noble service which this saint rendered in the background. She knew the significance of that verse, "Be still, and know that I am God."

Now she understands the full meaning of Fanny J. Crosby's beautiful old hymn:

Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing:
But O the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!

And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, Saved by grace;
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, Saved by grace.

I call upon all faithful, devoted friends of the Fellowship to make known, by word and work, their appreciation of the value of this noble life, and to put their hands anew to the tasks which she so loved, that in them she may live on. May the Lord bless you all abundantly at this Christmas season.

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

4, Eldon House,
Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

Reentered as second class matter September 7, 1945, at the Post Office at Yonkers, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of February 28, 1925. Subscription price 50c per year. Canada and foreign, 75c.

Paradoxes

This devotional passage by Gregory of Nazianzen (329-389 A. D.) has a complicated linguistic history. Originally written in Greek, it passed thence into Latin, and then into French. We found it in a little magazine called "La Bonne Nouvelle du Blayais," describing the culture of vineyards.

Jesus was the Bread of Life, and He commenced His ministry by suffering from hunger.

He was the Water of Life, and He commenced His ministry by suffering from thirst.

He suffered from hunger, being man, yet He fed the multitudes.

He suffered from thirst, and He said: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

He was weary, and He said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

He was exhausted, and He is our rest.

He paid tribute, and yet He is the King.

People said of Him, "He hath a demon," and He expelled the demons.

He prayed, and He answers prayers.

He wept, and He dries our tears.

He was sold for thirty pieces of silver, and He has redeemed the world.

He was made prisoner, and He has said to the captives: "Come forth."

He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and He is the Good Shepherd.

He was dumb as a sheep before her shearers, and He is the Eternal Word.

He is the Man of Sorrows, and He heals our afflictions.

He was crucified and died upon the tree, and it is by that tree that He gives us life.

He died, and by His death He destroyed death.

Must we confess to a little feeling of complacency as the holidays draw near? Have we thought in our inmost souls, "We have done our part, the work is going forward, the missionaries are well supplied"? If so, let us consider these facts:

Missionaries in Europe are rising at half-past five in the morning for devotions, followed by a breakfast consisting of Postum with saccharin, and a piece of rye bread. Once a week, on Sundays, they get a little milk and sugar. Lunch is taken perhaps at a coffee-shop; here they eat some bread brought from home, drink a cup of black coffee, and sit a while to warm themselves and take the stiffness out of their limbs. On coming home at night, they are often too tired to cook, so they make some oatmeal porridge or peppermint tea, and eat dry bread again. This diet is occasionally varied by potatoes or vegetables. On Saturdays they get about four ounces of horse-meat. Working all day for the Master, they have only the night left for cleaning, cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, and letter-writing, so that it is often morning before they can lie down for a little rest.

Is not this the monastic spirit of the Middle Ages, born anew in our materialistic world? We have signed letters in our files to attest the truth of every one of the above statements. These are war-time conditions, but the letters are recent, less than six months old. Can we rest until we have done everything in our power to match, and to uphold, such devotion?

The Need of the Month—Poland

THE LATE REV. A. PRZEORSKI

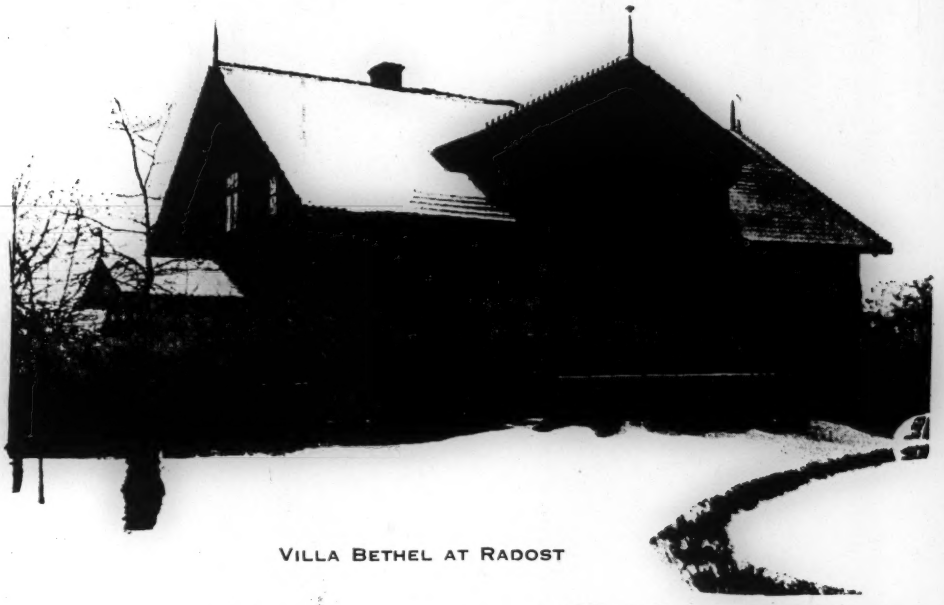
Many hands have collaborated to bring you this story of the needs of Poland. We pause first of all to pay tribute to the memory of our faithful worker of many years, Rev. A. Przeorski, who passed away August 10, 1948, in Bukow, Poland. Following the silence of the war years, he had been able to re-establish contact with the Fellowship in 1945, and we were privileged to minister to him, so far as the Lord enabled us, until the end. Brother Przeorski endured nine years of painful illness, during which he had the constant care of his devoted wife, Emilia Przeorska. A friend in Poland writes: "His wife was an angel to him: she served him during his whole illness with an extraordinary patience." Mrs. Przeorska herself, in a letter which she wrote to us last May, had said: "We are old people, and ill: I am sixty-four years of age, my husband is seventy-five, and he has been bedridden since 1939 with cardiac asthma. I myself suffer from arthritis. My husband was converted in March, 1915, and from the very day of his conversion on, he spent all his time working for the glory of God, until illness overtook him."

Writing from Warsaw on November 9th, she says: "Dear sister, please forgive my not writing to you for so long. After the death of my husband, I was very ill, and I still do not feel at all well. From your letter I have learned of the death of your dear mother. We have suffered together. Such was the will of God, to take them to Himself. The package of medicines and clothing, the money, the CARE packages, and the other package of clothing, have all been received, and we thank you heartily for everything. As I still am so ill and unable to do anything for myself, I cannot live alone. I have moved to Warsaw and will make my home there with my niece, Alicia Michalovska. We hope that, by the help of the Lord, you will not forget us. My niece joins me in hearty greetings to you. In the love of our Lord, your sister, EMILIA PRZEORSKA."

We pray that God may comfort the heart of Mrs. Przeorska, and that new workers may be raised up in Poland to take the place of this beloved saint of the Lord, who labored so long and faithfully for Him.

The name of Rev. Alfred W. Kurzawa is by no means strange to our readers. Writing on October 12th, from his office as president of the Polish Theological Seminary at Malbork, he says: "The past spring and summer have been for me very busy, happy and laborious ones. I have been carrying on a great deal of church work, and find it paying dividends in all ways. We have freedom to do Gospel work in Poland, for which we praise God. This country presents a fertile and challenging field for missionary activity. The villa at Radost was used during the past summer for fresh-air work. We held a vacation school for fifty children, a special conference of young people, and some Bible courses. We are praising the Lord that He is saving our youth and calling them to tell others the wonderful story of salvation. During the vacation school at Radost many children and young people were converted. I have received your package containing the vitamins and fruit-juice; thank you so much. We ask you and all our friends to keep on praying for Poland and her need. With best regards, I am, yours in Christ,

"ALFRED W. KURZAWA."



VILLA BETHEL AT RADOST

The Fellowship's property at Radost is shown above as it looked some years ago, before the war. It seems to be the Lord's leading that this villa should be placed in the hands of certain Polish brethren, known to us, to be used as a center for religious and social service. When arrangements have been made, the details will be shared with our readers.

It will be remembered that Miss Jean W. Rhode, our beloved ministrant to the Jewish population of Florida, formerly served in Poland, together with Miss Grace Mott, who fell there as a martyr for her faith. In those days, as now, Villa Bethel was used in the summer-time as a fresh-air home for children from the Warsaw Ghetto. Miss Rhode has graciously shared with us a letter which she received not long ago from Rose, one of the first girls whom she and Miss Mott brought to Radost in the old days.

Bensheim, Germany, May 1, 1948.

My dear and unforgotten Miss Rhode:

After so many years of separation, the Lord God has brought us together again. Physically we are still very far apart, but we are united in our hearts. For, after all, were you not like a mother to me? Who looked after me in Radost, if not Miss Rhode? I must confess that those were the best years of my life. But oh, how many tragic changes have taken place since that time! The war has scattered us. The city of Warsaw is in ruins. That dear place, Ogrodowa 53, is no more. So many of our people have been cruelly slain. My mother and my three sisters were also murdered. Brother Shuman and his family, and many other Hebrew Christians, met a similar fate.

I must confess to you that sometimes I envy those who are dead. Why should I remain in this wicked, miserable world? And yet, I realize that even the thought of suicide is sinful, and so I do not allow myself to dwell on it. I keep hoping that some day the sun will shine even for us, that the future holds happier days in store for us.

The package which we received from you around Easter-time was one of those rare rays of hope and joy, and oh, how thankful we are for it! The

things you sent are so very useful to us. You see, I did not have a single dress that was in good condition. We certainly were glad for the box with the fat, which came just in time for the holidays. We thank God, and we also want to thank you, Miss Rhode. Because so many years had passed since I last saw you, I had lost hope of ever getting in touch with you. But the Saviour is all-powerful. This our reunion was evidently guided by God.

This is what happened. Two brethren came here to preach the Word of God. They were not permitted to enter the camp, so they preached just outside of it. When I heard about these preachers, I hurried to join the group that was listening to them. After about half an hour's discussion, I could hold back no longer, and so I recited the words of that verse which you once taught us: "For God so loved the world . . ." Immediately I noticed a change of expression on the faces of the preachers: they were glad to meet someone who knew this Scripture. They accepted my invitation to come to our home; in this way they were able to enter the camp. I told them about the brothers and sisters whom I knew. In this way I got in touch with various friends, and through them with you, my dear teacher.

It is well-known that that which is implanted in childhood cannot be easily rooted out in later years. I have not forgotten those things which you taught me. I surely would appreciate it if you could send me a Polish Bible and hymn-book. I would like to read again those passages which you taught me.

Here, in the displaced persons' camp, life is difficult. We are always hoping that some day we may go somewhere where we can settle permanently. But where can we go? We are not needed anywhere; we are not wanted anywhere.

We are thankful to God that both my husband and I are in good health. Our little girl is developing nicely. She will be one year old on May 27th, and is already beginning to walk. Now I would like to know something about you. How is your health? May I ask you to send us a photograph of yourself? Of course, I still remember how you look, but I would like my husband to see at least a picture of you. And then, dare I ask another favor? Do you have any of those group pictures from Radost, in which there may be some members of my family? This war has stripped us of all our belongings, even of such treasured possessions as the pictures of my dear ones who are now dead. I remember that you photographed our groups from time to time, and sent those pictures to some magazine. Do you have any copies of that magazine? I would be so grateful to you for any of those old pictures.

My husband sends his sincere greetings to you. He asked me to thank you for the Jewish literature. He is also reading the New Testament in Yiddish. When he read the second chapter of Matthew, I was able to recite it to him, from memory, in Polish. If you know the whereabouts of the others who were in Radost, please give my greetings to them. In my next letter I shall send you a picture of our family. And now I send you my greetings and kiss you from a distance. You are my well-remembered teacher whom I long to see.

ROZKA GALANT HELFMAN.

But now it is time to turn from our tender memories of the Poland of the past, — of Brother Przeorski, and of our work at Radost, — and to consider the Poland of the present time. What is being done in that country today? What can the Fellowship do there? In the town of Chorzow there labor two men named Jozef Mrozek, father and son, both excellently well known to us. At our request, they have prepared the following article on Evangelical work in Poland, especially for this issue. It was written by the father and translated by the son.

When the Reformation began to move the minds and hearts of men, Polish thinkers also began to seek God's way of salvation. In 1563 the first Polish Bible appeared, thanks to Prince Radziwill, called "The Black." This induced the Roman Catholics to make a similar effort, and soon another translation, by the priest Jacob Wujek, saw the light of day. This version, made from the Latin Vulgate, appeared in 1593, and is used by Roman Catholics up to the present day. The Radziwill Bible did not long serve its noble purpose; Radziwill's son, being a Jesuit scholar, spent more money in buying up and burning these costly Bibles than his father had spent in getting them printed.

The Counter-Reformation succeeded in quenching the Reformation in Poland almost completely. The elements of Protestantism which were found later on in that country were almost entirely due to foreign settlers, coming especially from Germany, partly also from Czechoslovakia, and other places.

When, after the first World War, Poland became an independent nation, there were 1,000,000 Protestants among its 33,000,000 people. But God in His mercy gave Poland at that time a great spiritual awakening, when many souls found the Saviour, and were found of Him. These were not all Poles, however, but mainly Ukrainians, White Russians, Russians and Germans. This was due to the fact that the missionary activities took place principally in the extreme Eastern districts of Poland.

The state of the Evangelical movements, and of missionary activity, after this last tragic war, is now entirely different. Poland has suffered in every respect, including its religious life, more than almost any other country. It has become almost entirely Roman Catholic, the Evangelicals having shrunk to less than one-fifth of their previous number. The remaining believers are scattered in small groups over the country. It is an enormous task to organize and care for them, and none of the denominations are able to handle it, owing to the lack of workers and funds.

The Lutherans are still the most numerous, though even they do not have many large congregations. The Calvinistic Church has disappeared almost completely. Much more vitality in the task of evangelizing the Polish nation is being shown by the smaller Evangelical groups, the Methodist, Baptist, and United Evangelical Churches. The Baptists have a Bible School for the training of future missionaries.

We can state, with grateful hearts, that a large part is being played in the proclamation of the Good News by the United Evangelical Church, called into existence -- through the union of three already existing Evangelical groups — one year ago. The Evangelical Christians came into being through the testimony, in Russia, of the famous Lord Radstock, Colonel Pashkoff, and Rev. I. S. Prokhanoff.

Our beloved brother, Mr. James Lees, has been a frequent visitor here ever since 1925, and since his residence has been in Sweden for all these years, we have been in touch with our Scandinavian brethren through him, and not only with them, but with brethren all over Europe and even overseas, owing to his ministry of the Word of God in almost every country of Europe, and in America.

Our Council of Elders is presided over by Brother Stanislaus Krakiewicz, who represents the work in Warsaw. In the southwestern parts of Poland, this work is headed by Brother Jozef Mrozek, of Chorzow. It is thanks to these and other believers that an appeal has been made to all the Polish nation, and also to all Christians abroad, that Poland must be evangelized, she must receive the Bible. When in 1947 the Christian Ecumenical Council organized a Bible Week in Warsaw, Brother Krakiewicz, who is the Chairman of its Evangelistic Committee, proclaimed in his broadcast address: "Poland

must have a Bible in every home!" A Bible School has also been founded in Warsaw, where a number of young Christians are improving their Biblical knowledge.

Poland has, at the moment, full religious freedom, and truly the Lord is graciously answering our prayers, — so far as the growing requests for Bibles and New Testaments are concerned, at any rate! We are rejoicing over the many instances of private witnessing by our dear, humble brothers and sisters, resulting in men and women asking for copies of the Holy Scriptures. But, alas! in a number of cases these requests could not be met, because at times we could not find a single copy of the Bible anywhere, and on other occasions the price of the Book is too high for the people, whose wages are terribly small.

We thank you for your letters, and may God reward you for your gifts too! We have received from you two CARE packages, and the enclosure with the last letter. We also have your magazine, which we enjoy very much.

At Whitsuntide we had an open-air conference in Wizla, in a mountain valley; about 700 persons took part in it. From June 27 to 29 there was another conference in Zywiec, with about 500 persons present. From July 4 to 11 we had the first national youth conference in Spytkowice, near Tatra, the most beautiful and the highest mountains of Poland.

On January 18th we opened our Bible School in Warsaw. For lack of lodging and money, we could admit only fourteen students. I took leave for eight months from my work in the fiscal office, and spent five and a half months in Warsaw, as the chief teacher in the Bible School. My father, too, spent nearly half of his time there. Brother Krakiewicz, who is one of the best evangelists in our country, is also one of the teachers. All our teachers are employed in the offices, but work in the Lord's vineyard too. In October we began our second set of courses. I have given up my work in the fiscal office, so that I may have more time for my teaching. I trust my Lord will send me means, so that I can offer all my time in His glorious service.

In August I had the privilege of being in Switzerland, for the first time in my life. I attended the Congress on Evangelism, at Beatenberg; afterwards visited Zürich, Biel, and Bern. In the last two cities I was accompanied by Brother Fred Stettler, and I spent two nights in his house. We have known each other for many years, because before the war he worked in Poland. We spoke of the possibility of printing Polish tracts. I do not know who could write them and have them printed, so it will perhaps be my task too.

In general, we can say that this year was, spiritually speaking, a good one. Many conversions and many baptisms took place. We are expecting a victory of the pure teaching of the Word of God in many a heart. We must work while there is day. The night may soon come, when no man can work. Being few in numbers, and without any material means, but with the great task of our Lord and Master before us, we would just continue the fight of prayer, and call to you, our dear brethren across the ocean: "Come over to Poland and help us!" Kindest greetings to you and yours, in our Lord.

JOZEF MROZEK, SR.
JOZEF MROZEK, JR.

A frank word here, dear friends: our Polish fund, never large, is now completely exhausted. We would like so much to send the Bibles, and the financial aid, which young Jozef Mrozek and his father have mentioned. The Lord is able. What shall we tell them? Let us be much in prayer for the religious and material needs of Poland at this time.

In the Cauldron of Russia

LIFE OF THE REV. I. S. PROKHANOFF. Concluding Installment

At this point the Editor takes over to bring the story to its end, relying partly on Mr. Prokhanoff's book, partly on other factual materials. We left him in prison, but he was eventually released, to the great joy of the Evangelical Christian churches throughout Russia. The years from 1923 to 1929 were most fruitful for the work of the Evangelical movement.

In March, 1925, Rev. Norman J. Smith went abroad in connection with his work as Secretary-Treasurer of the American-European Fellowship. He took with him bales of clothing and shoes for distribution to the needy; then, as now, there was suffering in the aftermath of war. He visited believers in various lands, some of whom still recall his presence with them. When he returned to the United States the following May, he brought with him Brother Prokhanoff, whose acquaintance he had recently made, and with whom he had had many earnest conversations regarding the religious future of Russia.

For thirteen weeks Mr. Prokhanoff was an honored guest in Mr. Smith's home, recovering from the rigors of his prison experiences, and devoting himself to writing and correspondence. Poetry continued to flow from his pen. The Editor has had the privilege of translating, at various times, more than a hundred of his hymns, retaining the rhyme and metrical scheme of the Russian originals. Typical is the following, which has been sung in all times of persecution, and is referred to as "The March Song of the Evangelical Christians":

No power on earth, no power in heaven
Shall rob us of our freedom now!
The flesh may tremble, ever feeling
A prison shadow on its brow.
But those held captive long in darkness
The love of God sets free again;
No one may bring us into bondage.
For He has broken every chain.

No power on earth, no power in heaven
Shall take away our wealth untold.
What though, in this most holy conflict,
We lose our silver or our gold?
We know of treasures hid in secret.
The riches of a heart at rest;
One day, through us, if we are faithful,
The world with Him shall still be blest.

No power on earth, no power in heaven
Shall turn our glory into shame.
The world may still despise, reject us,
Blaspheming our most worthy name.
The truth is our eternal standard.
And perfect love shall cast out fear.
The sacred hope, unchanged, unchanging,
Abides with us from year to year.

Brother Prokhanoff remained in America until November 11, 1926, visiting churches, conferences of all denominations, colleges and other groups, delivering addresses and making many new acquaintances and friends. He visited Canada also. He returned to Russia in time for the Tenth All-Russian Evangelical Christian Conference, opening on November 26, 1926. Here he made a full report on his trip, and the Council passed a resolution of gratitude to the American Christians. In the next few years the work of the Evangelical

Christians was greatly enlarged by American gifts, particularly with reference to the printing of Bibles and other religious literature. Later on, the government again withheld its consent for Scripture printing. But the seed had been sown.

Brother Prokhanoff journeyed throughout Russia and even to Siberia, visiting and encouraging the believers. He found the people everywhere eager to hear the Gospel. Sometimes it would happen that he sent a missionary to a certain village district for two weeks, and after five or six weeks he would receive a letter from him, something like this: "Brother Ivan Stepanovich, I am a captive of the Gospel. They take me from one village to another, and I do not know where I will stop preaching, or when I will be able to return."

Standards of life were established for all believers, in accordance with the Gospel. Sobriety of conduct, education, industry, cleanliness and beauty in the Christian home, were emphasized.

As he looked back over his life, Mr. Prokhanoff observed that every incident, every hindrance, even persecutions and imprisonments, had only served to further the growth of the Evangelical Christian movement in Russia. The character of the Russian people, their religious devotion, even fanaticism, had led them in the past to great feats of self-denial, solitary life, abstinence, even torment, in order to work out the salvation of their souls. Now this religious ardor was turned into the right channel, and blessings flowed in streams. The Greek Orthodox Church, and the atheists, confessed their own failure to produce anything like it. "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it" (Isaiah 55.11).

There were great persecutions from 1929 on: places of worship were closed, religious leaders were exiled or killed, and Christian leaders were deprived of their food cards. But persecution has never stopped the spread of the Gospel. The exiled missionaries merely began their work again in a new land. A young brother named Arseny, a member of the congregation at Leningrad, went to preach in Siberia. One night, after a meeting, three young men came and took him away. In the morning he was found dead in the snow, near the railroad station. He was in a half-kneeling position, with the New Testament in his hands: he had been shot while praying. But the spirit of optimism, so characteristic of Mr. Prokhanoff's book, and of his life-work, still endured.

Brother Prokhanoff did not live to witness the tragedies of the second World War. He died in a hospital in Berlin, October 6, 1935, and is buried in that city. We have seen a recent photograph of his monument there, undamaged by the effects of war, bearing the inscription in Russian: "Phil. 1.27. Ivan Stepanovich Prokhanoff, Founder and President of the All-Russian Union of Evangelical Christians. Born in Vladikavkaz, April 17, 1868; died in Berlin, October 6, 1935."

But the work of the Evangelical Christians continues, even today, in Russia. We regularly receive their magazine, *Bratsky Vestnik* (The Brotherly News), published in Moscow. A recent issue paid tribute to Mr. Prokhanoff as a powerful preacher, talented organizer, and gifted poet. While the American-European Fellowship has no organic connection with their work at present, we have been happy to present this biographical sketch as a tribute to one who was a tireless worker, a noble writer, a loyal and devoted friend, and a truly great man of God.

THE END

Dr. Yuk's Diary

I repeat, if the Hebrew people had been subject only to the incontrovertible laws of history, like other nations, then it would have been precisely thus, and not otherwise, with Israel. You may conceive what would happen if the French nation, the Japanese, or the Russian, should be completely expelled, as a nation, from their territories, and compelled to live in exile for about two thousand years. Do you think there would be anything of them remaining?

After the first World War, I chanced to live for some years in Czechoslovakia. There were many fugitives from Russia there, whom the Russian Revolution had expelled from their own land (they say that, in all lands, there were some two or three millions of them). They were trying to live very closely integrated, so that they would not lose their national spiritual treasures. They had their churches, their libraries, clubs, high schools, and even their Russian university in Prague. They hoped soon to return to their native land, having preserved all their national characteristics. But time was passing, and the Russian emigrants were not able to return to their beloved fatherland. In the meantime children were born to them, and there began gradually to grow up a new Russian emigrant generation. The parents observed with horror that they did not know their children; the children did not understand their parents (I am not speaking of languages). The parents' longing for Russia was, to the children, incomprehensible. The children of these Russians became, in Czechoslovakia, Czechs; in France, Frenchmen, and so on. And this was already happening in the first generation that had been born outside of Russia. Imagine, if the Russian nation (or any other nation whatsoever) had been compelled to live, like Israel, outside of its fatherland, not for one generation, but for sixty generations! What would be left of these nations? There would remain only a memory, and scientific treatises dealing with a people that had long disappeared from the world. Such is the invincible law of history.

Why then is Israel, contrary to all the laws of history, still alive after the passing of sixty generations, and alive not in memory only, but in the world of actual fact?

On May 15, 1948, the Hebrew population of the Holy Land declared themselves to be an independent state, recognized by the most important governments in the world (the first of these being the United States of America). And it is waging a noble fight for its independence, with nations which surpass it many times over in size. People are not now writing ancient history and memoirs about Israel: on the contrary, here is Israel itself making history, its own history, and in its own land, to which it has returned and is returning. What is the point of all this? Does Israel's merit lie in itself alone? Does it have a monopoly on certain peculiar qualities? Is it more enduring than other nations?

Why do the universal laws of history fail to operate in Israel's case? Why is this people alive, when it should long ago have been dead? It is clear that Israel constitutes an *exception* to the general laws of history, which proclaim: Every nation is born, lives, and dies. And this is incomprehensible, that Israel does not die, though in accordance with the laws of history it should be dead. Here operates another law, an exceptional law, created by the Supreme Lawgiver for this exceptional people. This is the law of the life and preservation of Israel, in accordance with the plan of the Almighty. And no human authority or power has ever been able, is able now, or will ever be able to change this plan. In the course of Israel's history the inflexible will of God is at work. His purpose cannot be changed.

This, unfortunately, has not been understood by many nations which have had dealings with Israel: and what is especially sad is that Israel itself, in the course of its own history, has very often failed, and still fails, to understand it. God created Israel *for a fixed purpose*, of which we shall speak farther on. Who has determined to hinder God in carrying out His will? Alas! this witless work of undermining the heavenly plan has been presumptuously undertaken, not only by other nations in relation to Israel, but even by Israel itself in connection with its own life. Here is the source of Israel's woe! They decided once upon a fatal and foolish step: to reject the *ambassadorial function* predetermined for them by God, which Israel was obliged, and will still be obliged, to perform. And so we repeat, and come back to this point once more, for it is most important: the will of God concerning Israel has been opposed, on the one hand, by the Gentiles, and on the other, by Israel itself.

I am sitting at this moment in the clinic (our second clinic), where the glass in practically all the windows has been broken. An Arab bomb, dropped by a bombing-plane from Jaffa, fell between our house and the one next to us, and the result was chaos. Fortunately, no one was killed. However, the Jews have taken Jaffa, and on that side everything is quiet. But on May 15th the neighboring Arab states, and with them the land of "Pharaoh," having declared war against the Jews, attacked "Israeli" (so they now call the Jewish state). On Saturday, May 15th, early in the morning, while I was still in bed, the young brother, in whose house I have found a temporary refuge, cried out to me from the next room: "Doctor, get up: the planes are bombing Tel Aviv!" I had already heard this myself, since they had begun to bomb the harbor, which is relatively close to the place where I was living. Over the city, high up in the clear, transparent May sky, circled and hummed the planes, and from time to time there were heard the explosions of the bombs which they had dropped. The neighboring states had passed from threats to action. The war had begun.

May 15th is a historic date in the life of the Hebrew nation. For the first time in two thousand years it is waging war, its own war for independence, on its own ancient native soil, which God promised to Abraham and to his seed. How this war will end, we do not know.

(*To be continued*)

"The Three Musketeers"

Znojmo, Czechoslovakia, November 10, 1948.

Dear Prayer-helpers:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The Lord certainly has shown good will toward men, by sending His Son, and it is still the measure of the standing of each one, to show good will toward others. Because perversity is increasing, this does not mean that the rule of the Lord has been abrogated. Rather, it shows the nearness of the time when we shall not be looking toward the cradle of Bethlehem, but rather to the Lord coming in glory. What will it be like then? That only some humble ones were looking for Him, that now also only a few have caught the vision? Here are very few, and for that reason we crave your prayers, that some may be really saved, before it is too late. In I Thessalonians 4.18 we are enjoined to comfort each other with these words. That certainly would be the height of Christmas joy, if the Lord would deign to come then.

In the meantime, we are astonished at the levity with which some people have lately declared themselves to believe. It is the result of the religious notions taught generally here. Without any compunction of heart, the people just change their "registry" from one church into another.

"The three musketeers," if we may apply the term to three soldiers with whom we had dealings lately, might serve as an illustration. The first one came to town to finish his term of service for the month he was imprisoned for refusing to bear arms. He contacted us only shortly before leaving, but was at once taken up with the meetings. We had some good talks with him, and it looked hopeful. He showed willingness to coöperate with us, and we were willing to help him to get established in the Word, to prove himself and his conversion. However, that seemed not to please him, as he left without saying a word. The "job" drew him more than the real following of Christ.

The second one came a little later, but has to serve for the same offense —refusal to bear arms, with the addition of not working on Saturday. He is willing to suffer much for his conviction, which he now realizes is wrong. But he will not decide for himself, but refers all to the advice of "elders," who, of course, will try to keep him in line with their heresy (Jehovah's Witnesses). We pray that he may come in tonight for a consideration of the Scripture, which might help him to find the light. It is a pity that people are willing to sacrifice so much for any "ism," yet remain hardened to the plain Word of God.

The third "musketeer" dropped in just two weeks ago, saying that he got one of our tracts in the lobby of the movie-house. His mother and older brother are believers, he claimed, but he is not. After about an hour with the Word, he was willing to kneel down and pray for forgiveness. He departed, by all signs, a believer—yet we have not seen him since. We have no way to find out what has become of him. We have had several others lately, who were willing to go on their knees and pray, but their lives do not show the fruits of the grace of God. Thus, you see, it is not only to struggle with souls, but it takes prayer that they may go on, and in this you may have a great part. What is needed is real salvation, not mere pretense on the spur of the moment.

One of the great drawbacks is the influence of destructive modernism, which does not like to come out into the open, unless compelled to. It is spread especially among the members of the so-called Czech National Church, which is proposed to be the leading Protestant church here. The new law will take charge of all religious matters, naming the priests and ministers, in a word, controlling everything. What will be the teaching then? Another destructive force is the movies. Even small children are compelled to attend certain propaganda films.

Mr. F., now seventy, is one of the faithful souls, giving all credit to the Lord. Recently he came in while Mrs. L. was reading some mail to me, while we were getting ready for the work. That led him to the remark that he also would have known English now, had his mother not restrained him from going to the United States when he returned from his service in the Navy. She was crying, so, to please her, he took a job home. "Now," he said, "many do not know where they belong, but I know I belong to the Lord Jesus," pointing upwards.

It is the best Christmas gift for every soul, to get to know the Lord and Saviour thus personally, not merely as a babe in Bethlehem.

CHARLES AND EDNA LUKESH.

A Bulgarian Sunday-School

Sofia, Bulgaria, October 28, 1948.

My dear friends:

Every Sunday-School longs to see Christ glorified in the life and work of its pupils. What an encouragement it is to look back over the way the Lord has led us, and see some of the evidences of His working! The faithful ministry of our Sunday-School teachers has contributed greatly to the success of the school. Throughout the year we have had an unusually good attendance.

At the end of the school year, in June, we had our closing exercises, in the church, during the evening service. The church was full of people, eager to hear what the children had learned. Our children were sitting around the pulpit, dressed in white or colored garments, according to the parts they had in the program. After the opening song, prayer and Bible reading, I made my annual report, as superintendent, on the Sunday-School work during the year. Then the real program began. One after another the different classes got up, recited the Bible verses they had memorized, sang their Gospel songs, and recited Christian poems. The children were so sweet that the people were just holding their breath. The Junior class presented the history of Israel in a beautiful and dramatic pageant: one could hear the wail of the Jewish people under the yoke, the mighty voice of Moses dividing the Red Sea, the song of deliverance sung by Miriam, and the victorious note of the trumpets. Then came the great scene of Sinai: the thunders, and the earth-shaking voice bestowing on the people the Ten Commandments. Whether in song or speech, the Bible text was strictly followed. It was something wonderful, more powerful than any sermon given by the most eloquent minister.

The second part was presented by the intermediate class. This pageant was entitled: "The Call of the Christian Church of Today." The people were made to feel that the church has given them much, and they owe to it the best fruits of humanity. At the end, the minister thanked everyone for the beautiful and moving pageant, and congratulated the children. Many people crowded around us after the service, expressing their appreciation.

Here I might share with you some of my summer experiences. My family needed a vacation, but we couldn't afford to go to an expensive summer resort. So we went to a little town at the foot of the two great Bulgarian mountain ranges, the Balkans and the Middle Forest,—a town named Pirdop, surrounded by gardens and golden fields of corn and wheat. The view is wonderful, and we felt very deeply the presence of God. Here we spent four happy weeks. I found several Protestant families who had no church of their own in the town, and used to gather in the house of one of their friends. They insisted that I lead their services during my stay. God opened to me a great door for preaching the Gospel. Many souls were born again, and they are now hoping to have a hall for their church. My landlady was brought to God, after a month of personal work and prayer. At last we had to leave Pirdop, but I promised to visit them from time to time. Oh, you should see how enthusiastic these simple people are, how pure is their childlike faith and devotion to God. They live close to nature, and their best sermon is daily Bible-reading and prayer. How much we can learn from them!

Please pray for peace and international understanding, which the world needs so much at present. Accept also the warmest greetings from my husband and son, who have been a great help to me in all this summer service devoted to God.

Sincerely yours in him,

PAULINA NIKOFF.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS—October and November, 1948
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts.)

32705----$1.00
32706----50.00
32707----50.00
32708-----5.00
32709-----1.00
32710-----1.00
32711----20.00
32712---150.00
32713-----1.00
32714-----6.00
32715-----1.00
32716-----5.00
32717----10.00
32718----10.00
32719----75.00
32720----15.00
32721----10.00
32722----10.00
32723----25.00
32724---225.00
32725-----2.00
32726----10.00
32727----10.00
32728---299.58
32729-----5.00
32730-----5.00
32731----15.00
32732----10.00
32733----26.00
32734-----2.00
32735----10.00
32736---$15.00
32737-----1.00
32738-----5.00
32739----10.00
32740----10.00
32741----35.00
32742-----2.00
32743----20.00
32744-----1.00
32745----18.00
32746----75.00
32747-----5.00
32748----15.00
32749----10.00
32750-----1.00
32751-----5.50
32752-----1.00
32753---500.00
32754----10.00
32755-----4.42
32756----15.00
32757-----3.00
32758-----1.00
32759----10.00
32760----30.00
32761----21.00
32762----60.00
32763----10.00
32764-----6.00
32765----30.00
32766----10.00
32767----$6.00
32768---100.00
32769----75.00
32770-----5.00
32771----25.00
32772-----5.00
32773----10.00
32774---150.00
32775----50.00
32776-----5.36
32777-----2.00
32778----10.00
32779-----1.00
32780-----1.00
32781----15.00
32782-----1.00
32783----75.00
32784----25.00
32785----60.00
32786-----1.05
32787----10.00
32788----10.00
32789-----5.00
32790----12.00
32791-----2.00
32792----10.00
32793-----7.00
32794----50.00
32795-----1.00
32796-----5.00
32797-----5.00
32798----$3.00
32799-----2.00
32800-----2.50
32801----12.00
32802----18.50
32803-----2.00
32804----10.00
32805-----5.00
32806-----1.00
32807-----5.00
32808----20.00
32809-----1.00
32810----10.00
32811-----5.00
32812----75.00
32813----10.00
32814-----5.00
32815----25.00
32816----10.00
32817-----5.00
32818-----2.00
32819---150.00
32820-----1.00
32821----20.00
32822-----2.00
32823-----3.00
32824----15.00
32825-----5.00
32826----10.00
32827----15.00
32828-----5.00

A contributor writes:
THANK YOU FOR PUTTING GOD'S MONEY TO WORK WHERE IT HONORS HIM

THE PRAISEMOBILE.—Brother Fred Stettler writes from Biel-Mett, Switzerland: "My motorcycle and myself get along well together; the register shows some 9000 miles. Never an accident, but many wonderful keepings. And someone called it a 'monster' once—only think! While travelling on it, I have been thinking of an appropriate name, and finally 'Praisemobile' turned up, and I can honestly testify that this is a name that suits the situation. I praise God on every trip, for it and the wonderful service it renders, for the friends who provided it, and the Lord who saved me and kept me thus far. On the back I have two large pouches, filled sometimes with Gospel tracts, sometimes with clothes for the refugees. Recently I had it loaded with 8000 tracts, until the weight nearly lifted the front wheel."

SUMMER-TIME IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Brother John Kovalchuk wrote from Berisso, Argentina, on November 23rd: "I recently returned from a trip to the neighboring republic of Uruguay, where I spent a month, visiting our field of work and conducting meetings. At this time of year the work piles up. It is summer now with us, when we have baptisms, annual conferences, and special meetings with Christmas programs, etc. There is a crying need for home visitation, especially of the newly arrived 'displaced persons' from Europe. I have invitations to visit many distant places. My wife's health is better now, thank God. It is very dry and hot here, and this weather is better for her."